
A N E L E G Y
O N C A P T A I N C O O K

SORROWING, the Nine beneath yon blasted yew
Shed the bright drops of Pity's holy dew ;
Mute are their tuneful tongues, extinct their fires ;
Yet not in silence sleep their silver lyres ;
To the bleak gale they vibrate sad and slow,
In deep accordance to a Nation's woe.

Ye, who ere while for COOK's illustrious brow
Pluck'd the green laurel, and the oaken bough,
Hung the gay garlands on the trophied oars,
And pour'd his fame along a thousand shores,
Strike the slow death-bell !—weave the sacred verse,
And strew the cypress o'er his honor'd hearse ;
In sad procession wander round the shrine,
And weep him mortal, whom ye sung divine !